

A DEVON MAN IN GALILEE

We feel that we need not apologise for giving this space this week to a letter we have received from a staff-sergeant in the Army workshops of the Middle East.

WHEN we were very young my mother bought the CN for us, and though we have all left home the CN still goes there. Without that paper how could my father ride in the bus happily to his work in Devonport Dockyard?

How often have I seen him leave the house and very soon take the paper from his pocket and read as he walked towards the bus. All during the bus ride he would be rapt in it. I know this is true because I used to sit beside him, and often he would pass me the paper to read something. From him I have a great inheritance, a heart which can be filled by reading, and an appetite for it which cannot be satisfied.

The Thrill of a Book

Just before the war I had a wonderful friend who was 60, blind, cultured, and widely travelled, and he interested me in the classics and in reading aloud. I read everything I could, and it was this reading that caused me to be thrilled when I saw my first flying fish, or that dark little patch on the horizon which I was told was one of the West Indies, or the fir trees on the banks of a Norwegian fjord. It was this reading which glued my eyes to the porthole for my first glimpse of Tangier, my first sight of a Moslem in his Eastern costume, my first sight of a waterspout at sea. I already knew the Knights of Malta, and was I not in the wake of my own townsman, Francis Drake, as I sailed for the Spanish Main?

How poor a mind it is that does not read! There were often times when I was alone on deck, and below they were playing cards or sleeping, as we passed through the Hebrides or the Straits of Gibraltar! Strange—and difficult to understand.

The Surge of Great Courage

I have read the CN on the shores of Lake Galilee—how sweet and blue that wondrous sea is! I have read it on Mount Gilboa and on Mount Carmel. During those dark days in France I had it in my pocket. Antoinette, the French girl who last year escaped to England and met our Prime Minister, and has spoken through the radio and the films, loved England all the more because of the CN which we read together at her home. Also Maria, the beautiful and pathetic Czech girl who lodged with us and learned English from it. I shall never forget how, almost with tears in her eyes, she repeated to me from a poem she had learned in it, Mrs Hemans's poem about Heaven: "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy." I feel a surge of great courage running through me when I read the paper sometimes, and sometimes I feel ready to die for our country.

I was lucky enough to be on leave from France and returned just before the fall of France began. I shall never forget my feelings as I saw the white cliffs of our beloved land sink below the horizon. I remember looking across the decks and seeing all eyes strained towards Dover. It was May, and the sun had been shining for a week. How many of us would see our land again? I wondered; I think we all felt that, for most faces were just a little tense. A week after that the blow had fallen. . . .

Six months after this I was leaving home for the fourth time during the war. It was a lovely winter Sunday afternoon, and our ship was part of a mighty convoy slowly moving down the estuary towards the open sea. I felt in my pocket a piece of paper, a hymn-sheet which had been given to me a few days before in Nottingham Central Hall. This is what I read:

*In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?*

I was leaning over the deck rail with my friend, and we read it together and felt much comforted.

The Singer on the Bridge

We came to South Africa, and I could tell you of the wonderful reception we had there, just before our ship left, from a liner filled with women and children refugees from England, tied up on the quay. There were about 4000 English boys crammed on the ship, and hundreds of women and children on the quay. It was a wonderful sight, and most of them were shouting messages and greetings. Suddenly, as our ship moved off, a famous singer went up on the bridge of the refugee ship and began to sing. She sang Land of Hope and Glory, There'll Always be an England, Annie Laurie, and My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.

There were tears in every eye, and men openly wept, unashamed. She was singing when we moved out of earshot. As the sun was shining brilliantly its rays were reflected back from ten thousand homes as by ten thousand mirrors, and it was as if they were saying Farewell and Godspeed. I shall never forget it. War is a vile thing, but it makes a man love his country, and I think it creates character.

A few weeks ago I cut out from the CN a little piece describing the happiness of a Jewish family walking in London one Sunday morning. I pinned it up where Jewish civilians could read it, for I work with a few other soldiers among 500 Jews and Arabs. I heard their expressions as they read it, and it was plain that they felt that England is a lovely place, their *turris fortissima*, the strong tower of God.

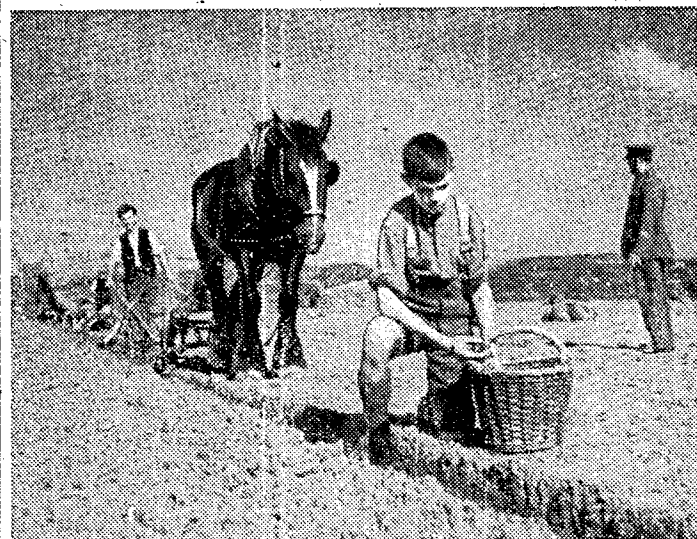
A Soldier's Library

I write this as the sun drops into the Mediterranean and a breeze makes the evening bearable. On my table are Wordsworth's poems, two books of English poems and prose, an Indian edition of an Army Prayerbook, and a New Testament with a wooden cross on its cover which I carved from eucalyptus wood after coming home from the Via Dolorosa. Also I have an excellent volume of Henry Williamson's Goodbye to the West Country, which takes me home to my lovely Devon and makes me hear the blackbirds sing and watch the trout and salmon dart in the stony rivers upon whose banks it is my greatest joy to be.

Tomorrow I notice I am Commander of the Guard, and in moments free from duty I will conclude this letter.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
EVERY TUESDAY 3d
POSTAGE Inland 1d Abroad 1d
No 1233
EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

At School in the Front Line



WORK—Helping a local farmer



PLAY—A few hints from the boxing instructor

The 450 boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military Academy at Dover are all sons of soldiers. Apart from general education they learn various trades, such as tailoring, shoemaking, and motor-engineering. The school was founded at Chelsea in 1801, and moved to Dover 30 years ago.

Continued from the previous column

THIS is the night after. The moon has appeared again and we watch the thin crescent sink into the sea. The air is vibrating with the noise of crickets. The Eastern nights are lovely, and the mornings too, but how relentlessly the sun shines every day! How the Englishman longs for the sight of something green; the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land has a different meaning to me now. Yet it is wonderful that the things which grow are so thirst-quenching. We have had no rain for three months, but the water melons are unbelievably refreshing.

Really, all this is deviating, for I sat down to thank you for

the CN and to say that it is beloved by all who see it here. Many, many fellows have seen me reading it and have smiled at the sight of an old friend they have not seen since they were at school. Perhaps it takes their minds, as it does mine, back to the days when the Children's Encyclopedia stirred us with the thoughts of Magellan, or Captain Cook, or Columbus, or Barbara Frietchie as she leaned out of her window and defied the rebels.

My ambition is that when all this is finished, sitting among night-scented stocks, watching the River Plym cover the mud-flats as the tide rises in the setting sun, I shall recapture my thoughts abroad and glory afresh in my precious heritage.

Two Old Friends

No tonic could have been more invigorating for the nation than the appearance of General Smuts among us. He comes to us at 72 with the vigour and the vision of youth.

Nor could anything have been more welcome to us all than the appearance among us of Mrs Roosevelt. 'She comes to us as a genuine friend of our country, a champion of humanity, a lover of all good things, and the wife of the man who has made the victory of The Allies as certain as the rising of the sun.

General Smuts has fought against us like a hero and has fought with us like a lion. He is the incomparable leader of South Africa. But he is more than that: he stands as one of the Five Decisive Men of the world in this tremendous hour. He is beloved by all who know him and is feared by all who hate him.

He has saved South Africa for the Empire, and would have saved the League of Nations had his cause not been betrayed. He is as good a statesman as he is a soldier. Never in the history of Parliament has there been such a day as when he spoke to the members of both Houses; they clapped their hands like school-boys and leapt to their feet and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." Queen Victoria would have turned in her grave could she have heard it, and Mr Gladstone would have shuddered. It was the sign that the world has come to the parting of the ways, and that formality belongs to the past and not to the future. We are all in the fight for survival, and it is the human touch that must count from now.

As for Mrs Roosevelt, the King and Queen met her at the station, and for days she stayed with them at the Palace. She must have been thrilled by her journey from White House to

Grey London. She must have been moved by the sight of the stricken areas of the East End and the courage of the people, but for which, said General Smuts in his noble speech, this world of ours might have been lost for a thousand years.

With the naturalness that has commended her to the hearts of her own people, she has seen us as we are and the country as it is; it was her wish to see with her own eyes and hear with her own ears what has been happening in this island.

The world owes more than it can ever pay to this frank and honest and homely lady of White House. She has been the devoted companion of the greatest President since Lincoln, and has shared with Mr Roosevelt the glory of his conquest over a crippling disease. She has watched over him unceasingly, and made it possible for him, by conquering himself, to conquer the powers of darkness and set the world free from the foul tyranny of the Nazi Beast. If the President were asked to whom he owes most, he would probably say first his mother and then his wife. It has been delightful to see her moving among us freely as if we, too, were of the family, and to know that in all America we have no kinder friend.

The Cow That Was Lost and Found

An odd tale is told of a Guernsey cow which vanished not long ago from a farm in Kent.

The farms and woods of the neighbourhood were searched in vain, and after some days the farmer (Mr Hey) decided that Buttercup was lost. Ten days later one of the men thought he heard strange sounds of a cow in a field where no cow could be seen, but said nothing lest he should be called crazy. The next day his mate heard the sounds,

and they were led to a straw stack. The sounds evidently came from inside the stack, and a way was cut into it, great care having to be taken as they had no idea how the poor creature was fixed, or where. But eventually Buttercup was reached, and stepped out of the stack with a few moos of surprise and satisfaction.

It is thought she may have nosed her way into the stack, and that the straw sank behind her in the rain.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CHAIR

In peace time we loved a Traveler's Tale, despite the annihilation of distance and mystery by the aeroplane and the sound-track. But now, alas, a traveler's tale may come from no farther than the other side of the Channel.

Hitler's frontiers of repression have cut us off from Europe, not for much longer now, we hope. The Americas and the Far East are nearer to us at the moment than Belgium, from which we hear with deep interest the story of the Englishman's Chair.

It comes from a neutral who was lately in Belgium, and was entertained to dinner by a family there. Noticing an empty chair at the table, he inquired sympathetically whether it waited for some member of the family who was missing but whose return some day was awaited with hope.

"No," replied his host, with a smile. "That is the Englishman's Chair."

Then he went on to explain how one Belgian patriot had the

idea of placing an empty chair at his table, to wait for the day when it would be the place of honour for the British soldier coming to set them free. The idea fired the imagination of other patriots. It caught on, it spread, it roused fierce enthusiasm.

Today, in homes all over Belgium, the Englishman's Chair is set for the Day of Deliverance.

CARRYING ON AT LENINGRAD

Throughout the siege of Leningrad the botanists carried on as if there were no such thing as bombs and shells. The Botanic Institute Gardens, founded 230 years ago and containing 20,000 specimens from all over the world, were tended by students who stuck to their job, not one of them leaving it; and in spite of all the director completed his great work on the World's Cereal Plants, which is to be published after the war.

Little News Reels

A TEN-THOUSAND-TON cargo boat is being launched in Canada every five days.

A young Viking has just joined the Allied Forces after travelling 30,000 miles, inspired by the fact that his father, mother, and seven brothers and sisters have been murdered by the Nazis.

The five pupils of Buttermere School in Cumberland, one of the smallest schools in England, have collected a lorry-load of salvage including 144 pounds of paper.

The effect of the blackout on public lighting is seen in the figures for Manchester, from which we gather that lighting cost £189,101 in 1939, and last year £56,425.

The hundred children on the roll of Grazeley School, near Reading, have collected six cwt of rose hips in their odd hours during the last month.

A proposal to build 2000 houses on 700 acres of the Sussex Downs, joining the timbered High Street of Ditchling, has been refused after an inquiry.

A boy of 13 at Weston-super-Mare climbed up to the roof of a house to put out incendiary bombs.

Between five and six hundred enemy submarines have been damaged or destroyed during the war.

An ambassador of great goodwill has been lost to London and Athens by the passing of M. Simopoulos, Greek Ambassador for the last eight years.

It will soon be possible to buy 250 more saving certificates in addition to the 500 now allowed, but they will be at less than half the interest of the present issue.

Perhaps the most dangerous surgical operation ever known was the removal of a small live shell from an air-raid casualty; it was done at Sussex County Hospital.

A Johannesburg correspondent tells us that we are wrong in stating that horse-racing has been stopped in South Africa; in one evening not long since £37,000 was paid into the Tote at one track.

Lord Horder declares that science has now got so close to the secret of cancer that we can hope to hand down to posterity the cure for one of the world's greatest terrors.

Scout and Guide News Reel

THE 14th Edinburgh (West) Troop have given 23,000 hours to National Service.

Scouts of St John's Troop, Reading, have undertaken the repair of toys for a Day Nursery.

During a two-day visit to Kent the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, visited "The Cottage at Hell-Fire Corner," a Scout and Guide Club at Dover for members in the Forces.

THE Chief Scout has specially commended Scouts of the Petersham and Ham Group for the excellent way in which they put their training into practice in recent rescues from the Thames.

Mr R. A. Butler, President of the Board of Education, visiting Guide Headquarters, saw a practical demonstration of training methods.

OUR ISLAND AND THE WORLD

By General Smuts

THE great speech of General Smuts has been heard all over the world. His moving tribute to this country will never be forgotten, and may well be borne in mind by every melancholy pessimist and every miserable cynic on the earth:

But for this country, the stand it made from 1939 onward, its immeasurable exertions since and up to now, its toil and sweat, its blood and tears, this world of ours might have been lost for a thousand years, and another Dark Age might have settled down on the spirit of man.

We take the following from the speech which has so greatly stirred mankind and lifted up the hearts of enslaved peoples.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW CRUSADE

WE now know beyond all doubt what Hitler's New Order means. Persecution, domination, suppression, enslavement of the free spirit of man, aye, extermination—those are the dominant features of the new creed as practised in the occupied countries. It is written in the blood and tears and nameless suffering of vast numbers of innocent men and women of all ages and conditions.

It is in contrast to this that I have emphasised the heroic spirit of the suffering allied peoples now under Hitler's heel, because I feel that this is the heart of the matter. This at bottom is a war of the spirit, of man's soul.

Hitler has tried to kill this spirit and to substitute for it some ersatz thing, something which is really its negation. He has instilled into German youth a new racial fanaticism. He has sought strength in the ancient discarded forest gods of the Teuton. His faith is a reversion to the pagan past, and a denial of the spiritual forces which have carried us forward in the Christian advance which constitutes the essence of European civilisation.

He has trampled underfoot the great faith which has nourished the West and proved the greatest dynamic of all human history and made Western civilisation the proudest achievement of man. He has trampled on the Cross and substituted for it the crooked cross, fit symbol for the new Devil worship which he has tried to impose on his country and the world. Nietzsche's superman is substituted for the Man of Nazareth as the new leader of the human race and the human advance.

He has stamped on the human virtues which we had learnt to cultivate under the symbol of the

Cross. Decency, sympathy, mercy are not words found in his new code. He has trampled on the spirit of liberty which has become the accepted political creed of the modern world. He has started a new era of martyrdom for the human spirit, an era of persecution such as mankind has not known since its emergence from the Dark Age.

The suffering he has inflicted on Jews and Christians alike, the tide of horrors launched under his Gestapo régime over the fair West, constitute the darkest page of modern history. He has outraged and insulted and challenged the very spirit of humanity and tried to found a new barbarism.

After what has happened since 1939 in the occupied countries and elsewhere, both in peace and war, there is no more doubt about the meaning of it all. The real issue has now been made clear. There is a challenge to all we have learnt to value, and to prize even above life itself. Behind all the issues of this war lies the deeper question now posed to the world:

Which do you choose—the free spirit of man and the moral idealism which has shaped the values and ideas of our civilisation; or this horrid substitute, this foul obsession now resuscitated from the underworld of the past?

This in the last analysis is what this war is about. At bottom therefore this war is a new Crusade, a new fight to the death for man's rights and liberties, and for the personal ideals of man's ethical and spiritual life. To the Nazi fanaticism we oppose this crusading spirit, which will not sheathe the sword till Nazidom and all its works have been purged from this fair world.

Sir Harold Among the Toffee

Sir Harold Mackintosh, lord of the toffee world, has been made President of the Advertising Association.

In a speech on that occasion he said smilingly that he fell into the toffee trade when he was two (most of us began toffee young!). In those days his parents had a small pastrycook shop in Halifax, and little Harold climbed up to the display table behind the window, overbalanced, and landed among the toffee, custards, and jam.

To this Sir Harold added the hint given him by the first Lord Leverhulme, the famous soap manufacturer. Said he: "You go on making children sticky, Harold, and I'll go on washing them!"

POOR NAZI

The Nazi trick of raising winter relief funds for their own pockets is being practised in Holland with little result. A Nazi newspaper prints a complaint from a collector that 38 times he was told "not at home," and many more times people would not open their doors. The only thing he could do to raise anything at all was to call on 26 old customers who gave him sixpence each!

THINGS SEEN

A grey squirrel sitting in a thorn tree above the kennel of a Labrador retriever and chattering defiantly.

Sparrows removing the top of a milk bottle and drinking the cream.

Are You Going to Be a Handywoman?

Girls who would like to be useful to their country in the great years coming will find an excellent background experience in the Girls Training Corps.

In it the girls are disciplined and taught to develop initiative and powers of leadership for any work they may later adopt, and they are given instruction in specialised subjects which will be invaluable to them as future mothers and home-makers.

One of these is called the Handywoman's Course and teaches them to repair clothing, household repairs, domestic work, and maintenance of light, heat, and water supplies for a house. They learn how to make old clothes last another year, how to sponge and press suits, and all

the little tricks of darning and patching to make things look new. They soon know how to take the place of "the man about the house," so that there need no longer be broken sash-cords, missing door-handles, or stopped-up sinks with a GTC Handywoman in the family.

The way to keep a house in order is child's play to them, and they are taught how to deal with a hundred things.

The Women's Gas Council, too, with the help of the British Commercial Gas Association, have compiled a comprehensive booklet on Gas Appliances and Maintenance especially for the GTC, and we have found it a highly practical and entertaining little book for the householder.

JAP SCRAP

An American soldier now in Australia has written home to his father in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, telling of a remarkable coincidence.

In their raids on Darwin the Japanese dropped "daisy-cutter" bombs, made up of every kind of scrap, even bottle-tops marked with the name of a brewery. After a raid lately this soldier picked up a piece of shrapnel which happened to have fallen into his army car, and he got the shock of his life to find that it was part of the engine of a Pontiac car and had his father's name on it. His father had sold his car and it had come to the Japs as scrap.

The Almond Tree

Almond blossom sent to teach us That the spring days soon will reach us. . .

But, lovely as the blossom is, it is the fruit of the almond tree that comes into the news.

A bright-faced boy nipped off his bicycle the other day and began eagerly filling his pockets with something that had fallen from an overhanging tree. "Acorns for the hens?" said a passer-by. "No, sir, almonds for my mother," said the boy. "Why, can she eat them?" he was asked. "No—for her Christmas cake, sir—she knows the way," said the boy. "Well," said the passer-by, "we have an immense crop of almonds, but have only succeeded in spoiling two pairs of nutcrackers in trying to

break them, and where we have broken any by hammering we have smashed the nut to bits."

The answer to this is—a Vice, with the almonds edge to edge. Then, with gentle pressure, the almond splits lengthwise, and the nut is released whole and undamaged.

At the present time a little hand-vice is going its way from one London house to another where almonds are grown, and great is the satisfaction of the owners.

But here let a note of warning be sounded.

The Ministry of Agriculture advises us that though the sweet almonds are safe the bitter ones are harmful.

DAILY FLIGHTS ACROSS AFRICA

One of the reasons for the long delay in the Allied Offensive has been the necessity for opening up new ways of transport and overcoming the long sea and air voyages for supplies.

It is now revealed that aircraft are being delivered to the Middle East by a route developed in the last two years across 6000 miles of Africa. Week in, week out, day after day, aircraft arrive at a port which has been completely equipped as an aerodrome, and the parts are assembled and flown over jungle, desert, and bush, where spaces for landing have been cleared by thousands of natives. Each journey takes 24 flying hours and the story is one of amazing endurance and remarkable courage.

THE SACRIFICE

At a station on the LMS appears a salvage poster which reads: "What Have You Salvaged Today?" Below, written with a schoolboy's pencil, is one reply: *Latin book.*

OUR FIRST STATE THEATRE

Too few people know there is a Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, and that this body is financed by the Treasury. Not only so, but the Council have taken an important first step in acquiring a 21-years lease of the Bristol Theatre Royal, with a view to making the headquarters of drama in the South-West. This theatre is the oldest in Britain.

Everyone will wish success to the enterprise. The movies are everywhere established; let us look forward hopefully to the establishment of real live drama in cities large and small. Let every town, and even every village, have its Repertory Theatre, manned by people who take a real interest in the play. As an instrument of culture the stage should rank above films.

Hearing Not Believing

People whose duties take them out at night during the Black-out soon learn that the evidence of the ear is not always a reliable guide.

The other night two of our friends on watch in a London suburb noted a succession of singular heavy sounds, prompting one of them to say, "It is strange to hear a horse trotting in the Blackout; it must be in the next road."

Both were confident that the sounds were the hoofs of a horse. Suddenly they heard another series of sounds, as of a circular saw, and the mystery was not explained until a huge dog, a Great Dane, approached, breathing heavily after having drunk at a public fountain thirty feet away. It was its lapping of the water they had heard, an odd example of how difficult the detection of sound can be in the dark.

KEEPING AN EYE ON THE SMOKE

In these days there are two good reasons why black smoke should not be allowed to billow from the funnels of ships on the high seas.

Not only is it a sign that fuel is being wasted by incomplete combustion, but a tell-tale cloud of smoke may attract the notice of a lurking U-boat beyond the horizon.

"A remedy for this has been found in our versatile old friend the 'electric eye.' Mounted on the edge of the funnel, a photo-electric cell reacts when dark smoke obscures the light, and gives prompt warning to the stokehold that the furnaces need attention.

THE EMPTY MILLS ARE FULL AGAIN

In spite of the need for paper salvage there must be great stores of official records.

Before the war the Government took over one of the biggest derelict cotton mills and turned it into a store of official records. Now they have taken over a second Lancashire mill. Ninety million pension vouchers have to be stored away every year, and in the sorting out of these great record stores over 1000 tons of paper was turned into salvage last year from one mill.

May we suggest that our tailors do the same thing? We were horrified to see the pile of letters that have accumulated over 30 years about one man and his suits.

HAIR AND WORK

It is still necessary to direct attention to the many distressing accidents which occur to women working on machinery through the neglect to protect the hair:

It is apparently impossible to exercise compulsion, and it is also true that women, when they wear protective caps, too often allow curls to protrude. Last year there were no fewer than 179 women who were reported to have suffered in this way. The inspectors do their best to urge the women to adopt the severe coiffure which is so largely used in the Russian munition factories; this keeps the hair under the cap.

THE CHEERFUL BLIND PEOPLE

We have been looking through the new report of the National Institute for the Blind, from which we gather that the blind world is not by any means a dreary world. We ourselves should say without doubt that the blind man is always a more cheerful fellow than the pessimist who has eyes but will not see. But what has interested us specially in this year's report is the fact about the ages of blind folk. There are in all over 74,000 blind people in England and Wales, and it is hopeful that the number of blind children or young people is small. Only 200 children under five are blind, and only 2850 under 21. More than one in three are over 70.

A Surprise For Thomas Adams

The habit of chewing gum astounds most English visitors to America.

The habit is said to have started when the States began selling motor-cars, petrol, heavy machinery, and boots and shoes to Latin America, for in return South America could only supply such things as the gum of the chiclezapote tree, various cola extracts, and, of course, coffee. The first man to chew gum is

said to have been Thomas Adams, a New York photographer, who was experimenting with it in 1870 as a substitute for gutta-percha. After two years he gave it up in disgust, but by chance put a little piece in his mouth. To his great surprise the chicle was pleasant to chew, and he decided to make a sweet chewing-gum with the chicle as a base. His idea was an instant success, and he became a millionaire.

A NEW PILOT'S FRIEND

One of the airman's deadliest enemies is the ice which forms on the wings in certain conditions of the atmosphere and throws the aircraft out of control. There are methods of overcoming this menace, but they are of small value to a pilot who has failed to notice the ice formation until his plane is spinning earthwards.

An American firm has now perfected a remarkable device which clearly shows the pilot the thickness of the ice on the wings by means of a gauge on the instrument-panel. Not only this, but when the ice reaches a certain thickness the apparatus which counteracts it is automatically brought into operation.

THE GALLIHAWS OF HALSTOW

In October 1692 the vicar of Lower Halstow, Kent, made the first entry in his register of births, marriages, and funerals, recording the burial of Sarah Gallihawk. This year, almost exactly 250 years later, Mr Edward Gallihawk was buried in the same churchyard and his name was entered in the same register.

We hear from the vicar that throughout the two and a half centuries the register has been in use there has been an unbroken run of entries concerning the Gallihawk family.

SOMETHING LIKE A TYPEWRITER

Engineering drawings contain a considerable amount of explanatory lettering, and to do this by hand takes much of the draughtsman's time, for it must be very carefully and legibly drawn.

An inventor has now produced a machine to do this part of the work. In effect it is a typewriter, but it will take a sheet of paper 20 feet wide. With it, a typist can put the lettering on a drawing in a tenth of the time it would take a draughtsman—and so a little more speed is added to the Battle of Production.



In the Maize-Field

Maize is now being grown on a large scale to increase our supplies of foodstuffs

The EDITOR'S TABLE

GOOD NEWS

OFTEN we do not give good news to our friends lest our enemies should hear it, but there is some good news the enemy may hear.

What could have been better than the Sunday Announcer who within a few minutes broadcast two items from Egypt:

The beginning of the Great Offensive, and the singing of Handel's Hallelujah on the Nile.

Let Us Be Accurate

WE have been taken to task, half in sorrow, half in anger, by our friend the Advertiser's Weekly for calling attention to the reappearance of great advertisements on a hoarding and on the sides of two houses outside London; and we are rebuked because "the first aim of the educator should be to be accurate."

We agree, and much regret that our critic has wandered so far from his text. The fact that one of these advertisements refers to an unpleasant drink has nothing to do with the case, for our complaint would have been the same had it referred to pleasant chocolates. But what are we to say of a critic who rebukes us for complaining of this great hoarding and replies that it is 6 feet 8 wide by 10 feet high? Words fail us, for the hoarding is not 6 feet wide but more than seven times that!

Let us be accurate by all means and let us devote ourselves to the War effort and not to putting up these great posters.

HARD TO BEAT

A TOWN in Scotland having been raided and bombed, a postman bombed out of his home and landed in a Rest Centre set to work on his morning mail. He took the names of all those in the Shelter, noted their old addresses, and made a list for the Post Office so that in the morning their letters were all delivered to the refugees as if nothing had happened. Surely here is efficiency hard to beat!

Under the Editor's Table

COUPONS are required for towels. Shouldn't have thought they were big enough.

A HEN chooses the most unlikely places for her eggs. Lays her plans.

ALL the boys in a certain school want to be sailors. A wave of enthusiasm.

SOME people can always keep a straight face. Don't give anything away.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If heated arguments will be rationed

The Toy Soldier's Hour

BUGLES are blowing in the nurseries. The little toy soldier's hour has come!

Like a butterfly, after long resting in chrysalis stage, he must now change form and march to war. The nation needs him. It needs immense quantities of metals that do not contain iron—such metals as copper, zinc, lead, pewter, bronze, brass, and aluminium—for conversion into weapons to win the war.

Who so martial and so valiant in the children's realm as the little lead soldier? Who so ready to abandon pretty pretence and, flinging himself into the glowing crucible, reappear as part of the battery to drive a Tank?

For an age the toy soldier has awaited the call. New comrades have joined him, old comrades have departed, but we picture him starkly at attention where little hands once placed him, as in Eugene Field's poem, listening for this very summons.

THERE he is, watchful, constant sentry, still at his post, where he was stationed by his gently jealous owner in the wistful long ago:

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,

"And don't you make any noise!"

and the rest has been silent, staunch compliance. Little Boy Blue, who appointed the watch, has grown to stern manhood with hundreds of thousands like him, and now suddenly needs his toy soldier in grim earnest to bring down the foul giant of cruelty that would destroy all childhood's ways. The tiny warrior with his musket must march from silence to service, to bar the spoiler from the nursery in which he has so long kept vigil. We need millions of these small soldiers to play the real

game at last; could we imagine such paragons scampering forth we should fancy the air shaking to the sound of their kettle-drum canter to the foundry where the tools of victory are made. The appeal has gone out, and that is why the bugles are sounding in the nursery.

The enemy will learn in due season that the call has not remained unanswered, but that Little Boy Blue, like Peter Pan himself, has become a soldier at last.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,

But sturdy and staunch he stands;
The little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new

And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

Now, don't you go till I come, he said,

And don't you make any noise!
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue:
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue.

Since he kissed them and put them there.

20 Years of a Gas-Bag

LAST week was the 20th anniversary of Mussolini's March on Rome.

Having sent his braves to do the marching, Mussolini remained near the border in Milan in case the March failed, and, on hearing that the King was on his knees before the marchers, took a first-class train and slept on the way to the capital.

So the Duce arrived.

Today he has awakened from his sleep. Never was so great a gas-bag in the world. Never bragged a man so loudly with so little substance. Not even his babies with bayonets can save him. He broke up the Boy Scouts because he was jealous of them and the day is coming when Signor Mussolini of the Palazzo Venezia would give his right hand to be as sure of his future and as proud of his strength as a little Boy Scout in Peckham.

JUST AN IDEA

He was a wise man who wrote warning men against new enterprises which require new clothes rather than new wearers of clothes.



The Girl in the Signal-Box

Miss Evelyn Arnold, a signalwoman on the LNER, warns a driver on the Wrexham line to look out for straying cattle on the track

A VERY STRANGE EVENT

This story is sent to us by a well-known scientist, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who confesses himself baffled by it, as we are.

A FEW years ago a man and his wife lived on Spike Island in Queenstown Harbour, Ireland, and they possessed a great pet in the shape of a half-bred Sealyham dog, black with a white patch above one eye. Needless to say, his name was Spot.

The woman was very fond of Spot, and when one day she had to be taken away to hospital in Cork, the dog was inconsolable. The journey to the mainland was made from Spike Island by means of a ferry steamer, and on the second day after his mistress had gone Spot was missing. His master searched all over the island without avail and concluded that some accident must have befallen him.

But that night his wife in the hospital in Cork said to the nurse: "I wish you would go downstairs and let in my dog, which I can hear barking outside." Somewhat naturally the nurse replied: "Nonsense, how can your dog have got over here from Spike Island?" But her patient was insistent and, sure enough, the dog was there.

Now this is a true story, and it gives one furiously to think, as we say. One thing is certain—the dog must by some means have known where his mistress had gone, and had walked aboard the ferry-boat to join her. What are we to say about it? In the present state of our knowledge of the mental processes of animals we can say very little, but we can wonder and look forward to the future making plain what is now an impenetrable mystery.

The Child's Book of Gloom

A FRIEND has sent us a neatly-bound little book dated 1836, the 13th volume of the earliest Children's Magazine we know.

Containing 384 pages, and illustrated by woodcuts (one of which shows a llama with the great arched tail of an Arab horse), the volume is interesting and revealing as showing the melancholy reading provided for the young a hundred years ago.

No boy or girl who took this magazine as a guide would be nerved to the marvels of skilful and heroic conduct such as boys and girls now engage in. All these stories are full of misery, the aim of the whole magazine seeming to be to urge children to prepare at once for eternity.

One of the headings is The Dying Child to his Mother; a

second, The Brother's Grave; a third, Why Don't You Ask Pa to be Still While I'm Dying?; another, The Happy Death of J. W. One story tells of a dying boy summoning his little school-fellows from their sport to tell them how uneasy his conscience is because he once played on the Sabbath, and begs them never to commit a sin so grave. The whole book is devoid of one gleam of happiness or humour; there is nothing in it to inspire any effort for bettering the world or cultivating happiness in it.

When we are asked if the world has moved in the right direction there will be no doubt in our minds. Here is one more witness of it in this miserable forerunner of the happy children's papers of these days.

John Ruskin's Little Mill

THERE is an interesting story behind the news that the head of a Yorkshire woollen firm, Mr J. A. Crawshaw, is hoping to bring a new lease of life to an old tweed manufacturing mill set up 60 years ago at Laxey in the Isle of Man.

The mill was established by John Ruskin in the days when he had an extraordinary dream of reforming the world through the Guild of St George. Ruskin, admirable in his own sphere, was hopeless in business and entirely impractical, and nothing came of the Guild and the little interests it took under its wing. But the idea was good, and the purpose of the mill at Laxey was to "make fruitful the lives of workers in industry, with a fair wage and healthy work in pleasant surroundings."

Mr Crawshaw is well known in Yorkshire for countless kindly acts, and we understand that he is developing the old mill on modern lines and at the same time keeping the spirit of John Ruskin alive there.

The Guild and Its Vow

John Ruskin's idea was that St George's Guild, with members everywhere who would be called Companions, should show how much food-producing land could be recovered from neglected areas in all countries; the Guild was to extend its operations over the continent of Europe and number its members by myriads. It was to buy up land on which the machines were to be worked only by natural forces. It was to avert floods, drain marshes, and check sea-erosion. All rents were to be paid back into the land for improvement, and the whole administration was to be in the hands of Marshals, Landlords, and Companions, the Companions working as farm labourers, tradesmen, and so on, all pledged to give a tithe of their income to the Guild and to keep St George's Vow, which ran:

1. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law and the goodness of His work; and I will strive to love Him, and keep His law while I live.

2. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love; and I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

3. I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do I will do with my might.

4. I will not deceive or cause to be deceived, nor hurt or cause to be hurt, nor rob or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure;

5. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

6. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

7. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

8. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society of St George.

It was John Ruskin's dream of Utopia, and what came of it was that the society bought some cottages in Wales, a few acres in Worcestershire and Yorkshire, and set up a museum. It was begun in 1871 and Ruskin gave £7000, a tenth of his fortune, to it. One of the experiments the guild tried was to revive and maintain the homespun wool industry, and the mill at Laxey was started for this purpose, Ruskin himself expressing the hope that the adoption of "the square yard of Laxey homespun of a given weight" should be "one of the standards of value in St George's currency."

Alas, it was all a dream. The Laxey mill passed out of the possession of the Guild, but continued to manufacture woollen cloth on ordinary commercial lines. The Guild of St George, with its Marshals and Landlords and Companions, did not transform the world. It passed away, and was forgotten, because John Ruskin, the dreamer was not a business man.

A Pair of Socks

A SOLDIER in Australia is wearing a much-talked-about pair of strong woollen socks that have done a lot of globe-trotting.

They were knitted by Mrs Stewart, of Croydon, Sydney, in the last war. She tucked away a little note in the toe of one of them and sent them across the world to France. There the Red Cross gave them to a Digger who had been a Light Horseman at Gallipoli and Sinai, and after being gassed and wounded was again fighting in France.

That was in 1918, and it happened that Peace came before the socks saw active service, so the soldier took them back to Australia and threw them into an old

trunk with his tin hat and all the souvenirs he hoped would become obsolete with time.

Nearly 25 years went by. Once more the world became war-minded, and the owner of the socks found himself a lieutenant. He remembered the old trunk full of reminders of the last war, and in it he found the socks, as good as new. When he came to put them on he found a yellow slip of paper in one of the toes, and read this little verse:

Dear Tom or Dick or Jim or Jack,
For whom these knitted socks
were packed,
We work and knit and pray for
you,
Australian lads so brave and true.

50 POEMS WE SHOULD KNOW

By Writers Nobody Knows

In last week's C.N. appeared the first collection of poems whose origin is quite unknown. Here is the second group, and others in the series will appear in the next week or two.

Lady Greensleeves

ALAS, my love, ye do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;

And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company!

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee:
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility;

Thy foot might not once touch the ground,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well! I will pray to God on high
That thou my constancy may'st see,

And that yet once before I die
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now farewell.
God I pray to prosper thee,

For I am still thy lover true;
Come once again and love me.

*Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold;
And who but Lady Greensleeves?*

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

THERE was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs
When her parents, unawares,
In the kitchen were occupied with meals.

And she stood upon her head
In her little truckle-bed,
And then began hooraying with her heels.

Her mother heard the noise,
And she thought it was the boys
A-playing at a combat in the attic;
But when she climbed the stair,
And found Jemima there,
She took and she did spank her most emphatic.

Begone, Dull Care

BEGONE, dull care,
I prithee begone from me:
Begone dull care,
Thou and I can never agree.

Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But in faith, dull care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man grey;
Too much care
Will turn an old man to clay.

My wife shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it is the wisest thing
To drive dull care away.

POOR MAN'S GRACE

HEAVENLY Father bless us,
And keep us all alive,
There's ten of us to dinner
And not enough for five.

TWO RIVERS

SAYS Tweed to Till:

What gars ye rin sae still?

Says Till to Tweed:

Though ye rin with speed

And I rin slaw,

For ae man that ye droon

I droon twa.

The King

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us:

God Save the King!

One realm of races four,

Blest more and ever more,

God save our laird!

Home of the brave and free,

Set in the silver sea,

True nurse of chivalry,

God save our land!

Kinsfolk in love and birth

From utmost ends of Earth,

God save us all!

Bid strife and hatred cease,

Bid hope and joy increase,

Spread universal peace:

God save us all!

THE JEWEL

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mines

Can buy, no chymic art can counter-

feit:

It makes men rich in greatest

poverty,

Makes water wine, turns wooden

cups to gold,

The homely whistle to sweet

music's strain:

Seldom it comes, to few from heaven

sent,

That much in little, all in naught—

Content.

God Be in My Head

GOD be in my head,
And in my understanding;

God be in mine eyes,

And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,

And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,

And in my thinking;

God be at mine end,

And at my departing.

CARRY ON

The Quiet Mind

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I care not for all wealth a straw;

For care I know not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.

My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, nor force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;

I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,

And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;

I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.

I scorn no poor, nor fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court and cart I like nor leathe;

Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean between them both

Doth surest sit and fear no fall.
This is my choice, because I find

No wealth is like the quiet mind.

MY LADYE SPRING

MY Ladye Spring is dressed in green,

She wears a primrose crown,
And little baby buds and twigs

Are clinging to her gown.
The sun shines if she laughs at all,

But if she weeps the raindrops fall.

Not in Crystal Towers

IN crystal towers and turrets richly set,
With glittering gems that shine

against the sun,
In regal rooms of jasper and of jet,

Content of mind not always settles down;

But oftentimes it pleaseth her to stay

In simple cots enclosed with walls of clay.

THE ROSES COME

ROSES come, roses go,
Violets begin to blow.

Neither you nor I do know
Why they come or why they go.



An old inhabitant surveys the world from the gate of his thatched cottage in an Oxfordshire village

THERE was always his brother to turn to. And that was a comfort. Why, he remembered as if it was only yesterday how this time last year, when he'd first turned up, old Major had said to him: "Look here, youngster. If you get into any difficulties to begin with, you toddle along to me and I'll see you through." Yes, and hadn't old Major lived up to his word just! He'd been tremendously decent in helping him out all along.

This recollection made Parsley Minor feel better. And after school that morning he waylaid his brother. "I say, Major," piped he, standing on tiptoe and raising his face up because otherwise Major would have been looking right over the top of his head. "I say, Major," he repeated, "an awful thing's happened. I've gone and lost my new Rugger boots."

"Oh, have you?" said Major. "Bad luck."

"But I don't mean that I've actually lost them myself, Major. I mean that someone has bagged them," he sighed.

"Have they?" said Major.

"Yes. I'd left them, you know, in the changing-room."

"Had you?" said Major.

He wished Major wouldn't go on answering like that, just as if it didn't matter losing his boots.

"I've been searching for them everywhere, Major," he said. "I rummaged all round the boot-hole, but they weren't there."

"Weren't they?" said Major.

This stung him.

"Major," he burst out, "you are being a pig. Don't you remember what you told me this time last year?"

"Yes," answered Major. "I remember. Do you?"

"Of course I do. That's why I've come to you, Major."

"What did I say, then?"

"You promised that you'd see me through my difficulties."

"Was that all?" Major said, in a very queer tone.

"You said you'd see me through my difficulties to begin with."

"To begin with. Yes," echoed Major. "How long have you been here?"

His face fell.

"A year," he said bleakly.

"Exactly," said Major. "So you've had your three terms to

begin with. And that lets me out."

"But you must help me, Major. My boots have been bagged. Please," he pleaded.

"Did you buy those boots for me or for your own feet?"

"Why, I bought them for my own feet, of course, as I've told you."

"Precisely," said Major. "You bought them for your own legs. That makes it high time that you learned how to stand on your own legs."

In a Whisper

It was bad enough to have lost his boots, he thought dismally. It was worse to have sort of lost old Major as well. He didn't know what to do. He felt so abandoned. He could only ask the fellows of his own size whether any of them had bagged or borrowed his boots.

Though many of them told him that they wouldn't touch his boots with a barge-pole, he worked his way manfully through the First Form and Second Form, then speculated—dare he risk trying the Third?

Necessity drove him. But, politely as he addressed them, there was nobody in the Third Form who'd heard of his boots. Still, he hadn't done so badly, he hadn't been slain yet, so why not have his final shot at the Fourth Form?

And in that moment who should wander along but Elam, that Upper Fourth magnate. And what should Elam do but come to a halt and say: "Halloa! And what's the matter with you, my young worm? You look as if you'd lost yourself. What is the trouble?"

Oh, what an opening! "No, Elam," he squeaked, "I'm not lost. But I've lost my new Rugger boots. Someone has bagged them."

"Oh!" exclaimed Elam. "Oh! That's a very bad business. Were they new ones?"

"They were brand new ones, Elam. You know I've got rather large feet. I mean for my size I've got rather large feet, you know, Elam. But these fit me like a glove. The leather is so soft, too; you don't feel them on you."

"So someone has bagged them, have they?" Elam said kindly.

"Yes. I think so, Elam. You wouldn't—you wouldn't help me?"

"To get them back? No, I couldn't do that," replied Elam. He glanced right and left, looked hurriedly over his shoulder. "But if I tell you who's got them," he added, dropping his voice, "will you promise me faithfully never to let out I told you?"

Parsley shook like a leaf with excitement.

"Never," he vowed. Elam, shooting his long neck forward, stooped and brought his lips to his confidant's ear. "It was Roebuck," he whispered.

Roebuck. The Rugger team's flier, who had run the Hundred in ten and two-fifths in the Sports! Roebuck, the greatest and grandest man in the school. Roebuck! No wonder that even Elam had said he didn't help him. Young Parsley had turned as white as a sheet. "Elam, are you sure it's Roebuck," he stammered.

"Yes," said Elam sympathetically. "Perhaps you didn't know what small feet Roebuck has got. He intends to break in your boots for the match against Kell-caster."

But Parsley still hoped against hope.

"Are you sure, please?" he ventured.

"Should I tell you if I wasn't? I saw him myself. But, of course, you mustn't tax him."

"How dare I?" groaned Parsley. Elam groaned as well.

"I should think not, indeed!" he said feelingly. "I am sorry for you, Parsley, frightfully sorry. But I'd be more sorry for you still if you tried to tax Roebuck!"

A Stranger

THE tap on his study door was such a small, timid one that it had to be repeated three times before Roebuck heard it. Then: "Oh, come in!" he called with a frown, being at the most exciting part of his book. There entered a stranger as timorous and small as his knock. "And who may you be?" growled Roebuck.

"Please, I'm Parsley," whispered the visitor, closing the door. "I don't belong to this House. I belong to East. But I got leave to come, Roebuck."

"Oh, did you, you little thug?" observed Roebuck, and eyed him. "So you got leave to come and see me! What about, pray?"

The intruder made his voice extremely mysterious. "Oh, no, I never mentioned you," he confided. "I only said that I thought I'd left something here in a class-room. And I've squinted into a class-room. Really, I have."

"All right. You can cut out the cackle. What is it?" yawned Roebuck.

"Please, I'm Parsley Major's brother."

"So I assume," answered Roebuck.

His visitor drew a deep breath.

"All I wanted to say, please, Roebuck," he burst out, his eyes shining, "all I wanted to tell you is how tremendously bucked I am that you are going to play against Kellcaster in my boots, Roebuck!"

"That," said Roebuck, looking him over once more, and after pausing for the better part, perhaps, of a minute, "that is

very handsomely said, Parsley. Thanks very much." He closed his book. "Do you think that they'll bring me good luck?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Parsley, glancing at Roebuck's small feet. "I hope you'll score try after try in them."

"I don't see why I shouldn't. You're proud of them, are you?"

"But I'll be prouder of them when they've been worn by you, Roebuck!"

"Thank you again," smiled Roebuck. "Thanks very much, Parsley. They cost you a lot, I suppose?"

"Yes, I've used up all my term pocket-money," sighed Parsley.

"Phew!" said Roebuck. "And what ever did you do that for?"

Then Parsley Minor bubbled over. "Please, Roebuck," he gulped, "my old ones, that used to be Major's, are so heavy that I can never follow the ball up fast enough in them. So I thought if I went in for a new, jolly, light pair, they might help me to get a trial in East's second fifteen."

"I see," said Roebuck, drawing. "Good idea, Parsley. Then that's all, isn't it? You can toddle along now."

Then Roebuck returned to his book, which was terribly thrilling. Yet after a few moments he tossed it aside, and, rising to his small feet, he went out, full of thought, and across the Quad to East House. There he sought out his special pal, Jackson, who skipped East's Rugger.

"Jacker," said he, "you know that little beggar, Parsley? Parsley Major's brother. Is he any good at footer?"

Jackson bellowed with laughter. "My dear man," said he, "you should see him chasing a Rugger ball. It's a scream!"

"Oh! He's no use?" said Roebuck.

"No use! No, he's hopeless," laughed Jacker.

Rather Rum

THEY were at it, hammer and tongs, with no score to either side yet and Kellcaster continually looking most dangerous. He had wriggled through the crowd to the place that he wanted, just beside the touch-in-goal flag, because if you stood there you could watch Roebuck come racing down the line like the wind. And every time Roebuck touched the ball he had screamed out, "Oh, Roebuck! Now, Roebuck!" till his neighbours snapped out, "Shut up, Parsley!"

He was making himself a nuisance. What did he care? If only those Kellcaster thugs didn't mark Roebuck so. They had told two men off to take care of him. Jolly unsporting. But didn't it show you how they funked good old Roebuck! They knew that if they could stop him from scoring they'd win. There you were! They'd scored a try. Rotten fluke. But they'd bungled the goal kick. And old Jacker had hoofed off again. A jolly good forward, old Jacker. He'd play like him one day.

The whistle blew for half-time. He rushed round behind the dead-ball line and planted himself by the touch-in-goal flag on the other side. For this was the side that Roebuck would steam along now. Yes! Here he came! Golly! He'd got clean away. They would never catch him now, and he'd round the full-back. No, look! He was swerving and jinking. He'd dodge the full-back. Yes, here he was. He was over. Hurray! And as Roebuck flung himself over and now lay full length with the ball between his two hands pressing the turf and everyone cheering like mad,

Parsley Minor detected something which looked rather rum. He hadn't been able to get a good squint before at Roebuck's boots, but with Roebuck lying breathless full stretch on the ground they were practically under his nose.

Yes, very rum. His own boots were such a bright yellow! Whatever had Roebuck been doing to them to make them slate-coloured?

Harder and harder he stared. Were those really his own boots?

Which Roebuck had risen and while the kick was being missed, Parsley Minor took a last, long, conclusive, good look. Those were not his boots. Roebuck hadn't bagged them at all; Elam had been stuffing him up all along.

Then it was probably Elam himself who had hidden them for fun!

But he'd no more time to waste on this flash of the truth, because the game was too thrilling. Kellcaster was penning the School in its own twenty-five. It was agony. Oh, why couldn't the School break away!

Then a lithe figure did break away. Though at first without elbow room. He was down—no, he wasn't—he was forcing himself through the ruck—he was off with a toss of the head. He was racing all out, down the touch-line.

And the ropes were roaring him on. "Roebuck! Roe-buck!" they bawled.

All except one small spectator, by the flag at the corner, not too hoarse to go on screaming, but too much wrought up. "Roebuck!" he whispered, dancing up and down like a Dervish.

And as Roebuck, who had shaken off the pursuit, came flying down the touch-line straight as an arrow, with the full-back pounding across to sling him out of play into touch, before that dancing Dervish could get out of the way, the three of them crashed down in a huddle together.

The full-back picked himself up. Roebuck rose from beneath him. But the small creature underneath Roebuck squeaked and dropped back again.

A Poser For Major

"WELL," said Roebuck next morning, as he came to a halt at the side of a bed in the sunniest corner of the San. "Well? And how goes our ankle?"

"It's fine," replied the personage propped on the pillows.

"You gave us a fright. We thought you had broken your leg."

"It was all my own fault, Roebuck."

"It certainly was. Never glue yourself to a corner flag. Well, you didn't miss much after that. The match was a draw."

"Yes. The Matron told me last night."

"Did she tell you it was Elam who'd hidden your boots?"

"No. I'd guessed that," said Parsley Ml, sadly.

"Then that's all right, thug," said Roebuck, pausing uncomfortably as though he was waiting for someone else to blow in. As maybe he was. For who should arrive now but Jackson. "Young Parsley," thundered he, "you hurry up and get fit. I want to give you a trial in the House Second XV."

They came away arm-in-arm. Roebuck was smiling. "Thanks very much, Jacker," said he. "Don't mention it," grinned Jacker. "But I'm not through yet. That funny dog Elam has got something coming to him!"

"Oh, definitely," drawled Roebuck. "Most definitely, Jacker." They had left Parsley gaping, much wondering how to describe himself. Would you say he was lying on his back in the San? Or would you say he was standing on his own legs?

He decided to ask old Major when he came up.

THE END

BEDTIME CORNER

The Boy Next Door

JANE was as cross as two sticks. And all because that horrid boy next door had pitched his stupid ball over the wall right on to her pet rose bush.

There were two or three very late roses on the bush, and Jane nearly wept to see their lovely petals scattered on the ground. She stamped her foot and called the boy next door—he had only recently been evacuated from London—a great clumsy thing.

"What a fuss to make over a little rose bush!" said Mummie. "There are lots of rose bushes in our garden; but there is only one in the garden next door, and I saw the little boy plant that only last week. As a little town boy he must have admired ours and asked to have one of his very own."

Jane felt very ashamed of herself. "Yes," she said, half aloud, when Mummie had gone indoors, "I suppose Mummie is right."

Next day Jane was surprised to hear her name called. She looked up. It

was the boy next door. Jane gasped, for he held in his hands a large pot, and in the pot was a small rose bush.

"I am so sorry that I spoilt your beautiful rose bush, and



I ask you to accept this one," he said.

The little boy had dug up his own plant and offered it to Jane.

You can be sure that he was no longer to Jane "that horrid boy next door." In fact they became the greatest of playmates.

A Little Bird From the Harvest Field

WE hear of a Cotswold school-girl who platted a handful of corn into the shape of a bird and begged the Rector of Cheltenham (Canon Goodliffe) to accept it for the harvest festival, which the good canon did.

It may be that this bright schoolgirl of the Cotswold corn-fields little imagined that she was carrying on into our twentieth century a custom of medieval England, but Canon Goodliffe would know that her little straw bird was the modern version of the straw lady which, centuries ago, stood for the Roman goddess of the fields, Ceres.

Far back through the generations thankful harvesters kept up in various ways the idea of showing gratitude for the riches of the earth which came to them in such full measure. The harvest festival is older than anyone knows, and the customs of Harvest Home have varied with countries and localities.

The cart which brought the last corn in was gaily decked with boughs and leaves, and we read in Herrick, who was born 350 years ago, of the joy of the Hock-Cart crowned:

*Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves.*

Often the last grain cut (sometimes by a pretty maid) was formed into a figure of a lady; sometimes a pretty maid herself would sit as Harvest Queen on the top of the last load home, children singing round her:

*This way and that the wagon reeled,
And never queen rode higher;
Her cheeks were coloured in the field,
And ours before the fire.*

In the North of England a bonny village lass would cut the last handful of the grain and trim it like a doll, the Harvest Doll, which would be brought home in triumph to the music of fiddle and bagpipes. In the villages of Northumberland an

image in great finery would be fixed to the top of a pole and carried into the field on the last reaping day, coming home with the last load amid much music.

In Devon a straw figure made from the last cut ears of corn was tied into a queer figure and hung up over the table to remain till the next harvest.

One of our oldest books of travel, dealing with Peru, describes the custom of the Peruvians in taking the best produce of the farms, dressing it in the richest garments, and regarding it with reverence; and nearer home, in Scotland and in Kent, are records of a Corn Lady and an Ivy Girl made into human shape and covered with trimming to go home with the last load.

In 1598 a Spanish traveller who came to the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and wrote a remarkable account of the queen going in to dinner at Greenwich, wrote also of what he saw at Windsor, where country folk were celebrating Harvest Home:

"The last load of corn they crown with flowers, having, besides, an image richly dressed, by which perhaps they would represent Ceres; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maidservants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn."

So we see that the little straw bird at the Cotswold harvest festival has an ancient ancestry, and is the spectacular expression of the thankful heart of the human race as the brown earth turns to gold at harvest-time.

INCREDIBLE

It is said (though we cannot believe it) that a Kent Food Control Committee has been told by the Ministry of Food that an offence is committed if a fire-watcher buys food during the day from the canteen of the firm of caterers by whom he is employed but does not eat his purchase until he is on duty at night, unless the canteen is licensed for night catering.

Free Men in a Free World

By the Viceroy of India

The Viceroy of India has read an address of welcome at Rawalpindi, and we take this from his speech on the Heroes of the Punjab:

The Land of the Five Rivers breeds a race of mighty wrestlers, who know what courage and endurance mean.

We are now grappled in a mortal struggle with a powerful adversary, skilled in the use of many a trick and foul throw. We have wrestled all through the night, and once or twice we have been nearly thrown. But we have our enemy firmly now, and as the day dawns his breath begins to come short and fast. Let us hold on grimly, and watch for our opportunity.

All our training, our stubbornness, our confidence, and our enthusiasm will have their reward. Soon now we shall throw him, and it will be a mighty fall. He will never rise again, and we shall stand forth at last victors and free men in a free world.

LITTLE MAN

From a Correspondent

He was whistling as he hurried along with a basket of groceries, a bright little fellow of ten. "You seem happy," I said.

"Yes," he said; "I've had to do the shopping today. Mother has been in bed all the week."

"Oh, that's kind of you. And who looks after you at home?"

"Why, I do, of course. There is no one else now that Daddy has had to join up. I get up early and do a lot of things before school, and then I hurry home, and we have something to eat in Mum's bedroom; then when I get home in the afternoon I bring up coal, wash up the pots and things, and black out, and then we have a fire in the bedroom, and sit and talk and pretend that Daddy's home again."

"You see," he went on, "I promised Daddy I would take care of Mum, so I have to."

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC Children's Hour Programmes from Wednesday, November 4, to Tuesday, November 10, inclusive.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Boy Wanted. Part 2 of the serial story by Harry Alan Towers. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Little Women, by Louisa M. Alcott—Part 4.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Letter from America. 5.30 Radio Bran-Tub—a programme of items chosen by various children, and arranged by Lyn Joshua.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Fables for the Younger Listeners, by Rodney Bennett; followed by a piano recital by Winifred Davey. 5.42 A talk on how to play Football and Hockey, by F. N. S. Creek.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Pageboy and the Silver Goblet, a play made from an old Scottish story by Ida Rowe. 5.55 Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20 Vice Versa, by Elizabeth Cowell and Mac—an amusing programme of contrasted gramophone records. 5.45 The Zoo Man.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Gardening Bee—Devon versus Bristol, with D. G. Manning, the gardening expert, as Question Master; followed by a song recital by Frederick Harvey.

Nine Men on a Raft

EVERY boy who has ever fished with a pin and a piece of string will love to hear of even more primitive fishing, which saved the lives of nine men.

It was in the Indian Ocean, and the nine men, including one Negro, belonged to an American merchant ship sunk by a Japanese submarine. They had been drifting on a raft for several days, but their little stock

of food having been used up starvation stared them in the face. It was then that the Negro came to the rescue, diving into the shark-infested waters and coming back with a two-pound fish. From time to time this brave man repeated his skilful and dangerous fishing feat, until, at last, after 36 days adrift, they were sighted by a British ship and brought safely into port.

THE LITTLE ENGLISH NURSE

ABOUT a hundred pounds has been received in dollars from America which will be spent on parcels to Staffordshire war prisoners in enemy hands. The money is a legacy by a nurse who has died in America after 30 years in a family there.

This is what an American lady wrote of this nurse, who for a whole generation was an English ambassador across the Atlantic:

She was England to us in her fortitude, her steady loyalty, her devotion to all noble causes, her faith in the goodness and justice of God, her utter selflessness and serenity of spirit. Even in hospital in those last trying weeks she interpreted England and the English spirit to doctors and nurses who said they had never before understood what underlies the real character of the English.

Boys in the Football Field

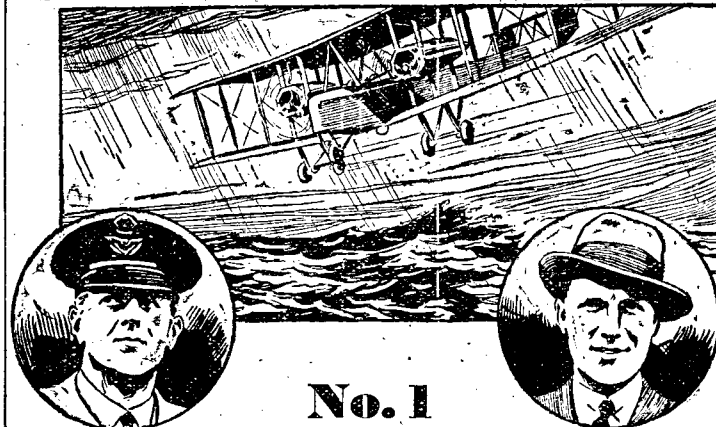
WHILE heartily in favour of healthy recreation for boys and girls, the C.N. holds that it is time to protest against what threatens to become a habit of including young boys in Football League teams.

There have been conspicuous instances of this policy during the present season. In a recent case a lad of only 14 was in a League side which participated in what is called a local Derby, a meeting between neighbouring rivals. No international game

is harder than such a contest, and for a boy so young to share the stress and strain of such a stern encounter is to place too great a strain on his nervous and physical energy. No boy, however high his courage and however exceptional his skill, is fit to compete with grown men in a League match.

We hope the Football Association will take the matter in hand and firmly prohibit the playing of children with or against adult athletes of established fitness.

SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS



No. 1

Captain Alcock and Lt. Brown

The first men to fly the Atlantic direct



On a sunny morning in mid-June, one year after the Great War ended, two young Air Force officers stepped out of a plane in the middle of a field in County Galway on the west coast of Ireland. They had just completed the most adventurous flight in history, something that no men in the whole world had ever done before—flown nearly 2,000 miles across the watery wastes of the Atlantic Ocean in just over 15 hours.

Their plane was a Vickers-Vimy, powered with two Rolls-Royce Eagle engines (perhaps you've seen it at the Science Museum in South Kensington).

And here's an interesting fact. Fry's Chocolate was the chief solid food they ate on their journey. There's proof (if you've ever needed any!) that Fry's Chocolate is just solid nourishment in a delightful form.

Presented by **FRY'S** whose famous CHOCOLATE AND COCOA have sustained many brave men in their hazardous quests



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs', which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

NO FLOWERS

JINKS: I suppose Hinks gave you a description of his experiences in his usual flowery language?

Binks: He tried to, but I nipped it in the bud.

Remember This

WASTE not, want not, is the maxim I would teach. And let your watchword be despatch, and practise what you preach.

Jacko Sounds the Alarm



FATHER JACKO is going to town, and Jacko is determined he shall not miss his early train. As soon as it is light he dances out on the bedroom landing and sounds the alarm on Baby's toy trumpet, making such a noise that the whole family come out to see what it is all about.

Proverbs About Gifts

Look not a gift horse in the mouth.

He gives twice that gives in a trice.

A gift with a kind countenance is a double present.

Some men give of their means, and others of their meanness.

A gift much expected is paid, not given.

THE BRAN TUB

Ration

THERE was an old fellow of Eye Who ate nothing but puddings and pie;

Said a friend in the street,

"Why don't you eat meat?"

And he answered, "I think I will try."

TEST

A MAN called on his next-door neighbour and handed him a small packet containing some white powder.

"What do you say that is?" he asked. "Just taste it, and tell me what you think."

The neighbour smelled it, and then carefully touched it with the tip of his tongue.

"Well," he said, "it seems to me that it's only soda."

"Good! That's exactly what I think," was the triumphant reply. "But my wife says that it's rat poison. You might just taste it, again to make sure."

Naughty Claudie

WHEN Little Claude was naughty wunst

At dinner-time, an' said

He won't say Thank you to his Ma,

She maked him go to bed

An' stay two hours an' not git up—

So when the clock struck two,

Nen Claude says, "Thank you, Mr Clock,

I'm much obleeged to you!"

James Whitcomb Riley

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus

are in the south-east. In the morning

Mercury is in the east, and Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-west.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, November 6.



The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, November 6.

Four From Two

THE teacher was trying to explain to her class of small children that we cannot do subtraction unless the numbers we are dealing with are the same denomination. "For instance," she went on, "we cannot take six marbles from ten pencils, or two apples from three oranges."

"But I tell you what," interrupted the dull boy of the class, "you can take four apples from two trees."

Revenge



AMONG the loons this party Should be given, pride of place, Who went and cut his own nose off Simply to spite his face!

PLURAL

If a dear little mouse
In the plural is mice,
Then it's clear that house
In a row should be hicc;
But men who have nous
Aren't infallibly nice.

How Goldsmith Wrote His Name

BORN in Ireland on November 10, 1728, Oliver Goldsmith settled in London when he was about 28, and became one of the most gifted members of Dr Johnson's circle. He wrote on an amazing variety of subjects, but his fame rests chiefly on his story of The Vicar of Wakefield and his charming poem The Deserted Village. He died in 1774.

Oliver Goldsmith

Old Acquaintances

AN old Negro was receiving a lecture from a judge.

"Now, I don't expect to see you here again," ended the man of law.

"Why, Mr Judge," queried the Negro, "you's not a-goin' to resign, are you, sah?"

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Is It?
A stone

Arithmetical
Problem

Each boy received
1s 3d, the total
amount being 11s 8d

BARD	CAST
OWE	MANN
RAE	ANTIC
EYELID	PT
RADIO	
TR	PEDLAR
RIPEN	IRE
IDOLS	VIE
PETS	HEAD

SIBERIA'S GREAT FUTURE

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. A few weeks ago we talked of Russia and her mighty resources. Is not much of its wealth in Siberia difficult to realise for climatic reasons?

Man. Yes, but so vast is Russia's Asiatic territory that when we make every allowance for cold deserts so much remains that nothing can prevent its development into one of the richest countries of the world.

Boy. How big is Siberia?

Man. The area is about 6,400,000 square miles, whereas the area of Russia in Europe is 1,800,000 square miles. The population of all Russia is now about 190 millions, but of these only about 50 millions live beyond the Urals. We think of the USA as a great country, but you could take the whole of it and set it

down in Siberia without touching any of its boundaries. You could then take all the States of Europe, except Russia, fit them into the remaining margin, and still have more than 300,000 square miles of Siberian territory left over.

Boy. What sort of people inhabit these wide spaces?

Man. There are over 150 races and tribes. In Russia, as a whole, there is said to be one mainly yellow or brown-skinned person for every two whites, and in Siberia the Asiatics predominate. Many of these people are primitive, and not a few are nomad. You may imagine it is not an easy task to mould these people to work in mechanical industries, but a good deal of progress has been made, especially in mining.

Boy. Are the natural riches as varied as the inhabitants?

Man. Yes. To begin with climate. There is an extraordinary range, and summer and winter present striking contrasts. In the winter many rivers solidify and become sledge roads. When spring comes plant life grows with extreme rapidity. Flowers have a magical growth, and one can harvest in August corn sown in May. The mineral wealth is enormous. Coal and oil; iron and copper, gold and silver, zinc and cadmium, are successfully mined; Russia has become the second gold producer in the world. Much has been done actually, but the resources of Siberia are largely undeveloped. An American engineer who organised the Siberian gold industry for some ten years tells us the diffi-

culties he encountered through prevailing sloth and ignorance—how difficult it was to move people or materials; but after travelling across the land dozens of times, and after years of work, he declares his belief that Siberia under proper management can be made superior to any other country in Europe or Asia.

Boy. Surely with such an enormous and varied country it is difficult to govern?

Man. Yes, but in many respects success has been scored. Thus, if we take the great territory of Kazakhstan, which occupies about a third of Siberia on its south-west, here is a territory recently inhabited by poverty-stricken illiterates, always threatened with disease and famine; of the babies born about a half died before they were twelve months old! Yet the bare land was rich in minerals. There were, in 1918, hardly more than 100,000 Kazakh workers and employees, but now the Kazakh Republic has 800,000 workers, about half of whom are Kazakh people. Kazakhstan has become one of the biggest cattle breeding regions of the Soviet Union, with ten million head of cattle. There have been mighty irrigations, and wheat, sugar-beet, and rice flourish. Some 30,000 tractors and harvesting machines are in use. The capital, Ala-Mata, which had a population of only 30,000 workers under the Tsar, has now 230,000.

Boy. Ala-Mata! I did not know there was such a place.

Man. No; the maps are filling up, you see!



Kiddies are fine judges of what's good and what tastes good. That's why OXO is such a firm family favourite. As a delicious, beefy beverage or a nourishing addition to the stock-pot, OXO is a grand standby in the wartime larder.



Of special value for
growing children



"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.



THE INKEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

Until normal times arrive, supplies may be limited. So, treasure your INKEDUCT pens—they are valuable.

Gillott's Pens

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